You step outside, the cool breeze brushing against your skin as you make your way to the front door. Something glimmers in the sunlight, catching your eye—an emerald, mesmerizing in its deep green hue, lies just beyond your threshold. Curiosity piqued, you pick it up, the smooth surface warm against your palm. You wonder how it ended up here, but as you turn it over, a strange energy pulses through it, sending a shiver up your spine.

The moment you bring the emerald inside, it begins to glow with an otherworldly light. You watch in awe as the radiance envelops you, warmth radiating through your body. Confusion floods your mind as you feel a shift deep within you—a sensation both foreign and familiar. Your heart races as the transformation accelerates. You shrink a few inches, your height reducing from a comfortable 5’8" down to about 5’5". You notice your clothes change instantly, morphing into a black hoodie with a white collar and light gray t-shirt beneath it, black jeans hugging your form tightly.

Your hands shift as the emerald’s light engulfs you, white gloves with black cuffs and red tongues appearing on your fingers. A rush of power fills you, but it’s accompanied by an unsettling disorientation. A thick fog rolls through your mind, blurring your thoughts, erasing your memories. You grasp your throat as it constricts, realizing your voice is deepening, transforming into something more masculine—something that echoes the voice of Shadow, the Ultimate Lifeform.

“No, no!” you shout, your new voice reverberating in the empty space around you. “This can’t be happening!” Panic rises within you, but the more you fight against the changes, the more they seem to solidify. Your breath quickens as your female anatomy inverts, morphing into something foreign.

You can only watch in horror as the last remnants of your previous self are stripped away, like leaves blown from a tree in autumn.

Who am I? You question desperately, grappling with the reality of your transformation. The emerald's energy pulsates, and with it, flashes of memories—of battles fought, of a life lived as Shadow—invade your consciousness. You grasp at the fading threads of your own memories, refusing to let go. But it's futile. The changes are irreversible, and soon, the fog begins to lift.

"Why am I…?" you murmur, struggling to maintain your sense of identity.

Then, with a sudden clarity, the pieces click into place. You were never truly human. You were always Shadow, your essence merely trapped in this transient form. As the memories flood back, you realize your existence as a human was just a false reality, an illusion that can no longer hold you. Embracing the truth, you welcome the memories of battles, friendships, and purpose that fill your mind.

With a start, you look around, the room feeling foreign yet oddly familiar. "Where am I?" The question escapes your lips, your new voice sounding powerful and authoritative, yet tinged with confusion. You catch a glimpse of yourself in the mirror—a reflection of a boy with tan skin, blood-red irises, and spiky black hair with red stripes. You feel a surge of recognition and frustration wash over you. "I'm… Shadow. But why am I human?"

You remember the emerald—the strange force that pulled you from your world of Mobius to this strange place called Earth. "My soul was…

transplanted?” you whisper, grappling with the concept. “Is this really me? Am I truly Shadow?”

You step towards the door, curiosity overwhelming the confusion. The world outside beckons, vibrant and alive. “I have to see what this world has to offer,” you resolve, opening the door and stepping into the unknown. The sun greets you, illuminating the path ahead, and with it, a sense of purpose ignites within.

“I will protect this world,” you declare, your heart racing with anticipation. “For Maria… for everyone.” With newfound determination, you race forward, feeling the rush of speed that only Shadow can possess, ready to embrace this new reality—this new life as Shadow the Hedgehog.